"O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE."

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable sims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like And with their mild persistence urge man's

To make undying music in the world, Breathing as beauteous order that controls With growing sway the growing life of man. So we inherit that sweet purity For which we struggied, failed, and agonized With widening retrospect that bred despair. Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued, A vicious parent shaming still its child Poor suxious penitence, is quick dissolved; Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies, Die in the large and charitable sir. And all our rarer, better, truer self, That sobbed religiously in yearning song, That watched to case the burthen of the world, Laboriously tracing what must be, And what may yet be better—saw within A worthier image for the sanctuary, and shaped it forth before the multitude Divinely human, raising worship so To higher reverence more mixed with love—That better self shall live till human Time Shall fold its eye-lids, and the human sky Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb Unread forever.

And the state of t

to ber maid.

'The very thing, my lady, to go with your pink astin,' remarked Piper obsequiously.

Tea was set out in Mrs. Nugent Dawson's boudoir for such of the ladies as chose to partake of it previously to dressing for dinner. To several of them this half-hour's interlude of tea and gossip, to which the gentlemen were not admitted, was one of the most agreeable episodes of the day. Before going downstairs this evening, Lady Ennerdale passed out of her own room and through the bedroom into her husband's dressing-room beyond. His lordship was busy among his letters, as he generally was at this time of the day.

'Hard at work as usual.' said Lady Ennerdale as she stooped and touched her husband's forehead lightly with her lips.

'The post leaves in half an hour, and I have three letters stil to answer,' replied the Earl. 'After that I shall go down to the library.'

'I thought of wearing my diamonds to-night,' and her ladyship.

'To be sure, my dear, why not? Dawson has got the case locked up in his strong-room. Piper has only to sak for it.'

As the Countess went downstairs she met Piper remains up with the jewel-case, which Mr. Dawson had just handed to her. Bix o'clock was striking as they passed each other.

Whilst Lady Ennerdale was taking tea, Piper thought it would be a good opportunity for her to pend half an hour in the servants' hall. No one loved a grasip mass than Piper, and it was not in her nature to resin any occasion of gratifying her washess. No some had piper downstairs on her own socount, and in a fow moments was plunged in the delights of visions that twenty minutes had gone has placed in the delights of states its foreign that the englected jewel-case flashed across manying up with a shrisk that consider.

ably startled her companions, and put all romantic notions to flight, she quitted the room with as much haste as ghosts are said to disappear at cock-

Seven o'clock was striking as Piper hurried back nestairs. Time had passed so pleasantly that for npstairs. Time had passed so pleasantly that for once she was really frightened to find how late it was. She hoped most devoutly that her mistress was not waiting for her, and as she ran upstairs her ready brain coined a pleasant little fiction with which to turn away the sting of her ladyship's anger.

which to turn away the sting of her ladyship's anger.

On trying the door of the dressing-room, Piper found it locked. She gave a timid little knock, to which there was no response. Then she knocked again, more loudly, and cried in her affected tones:

'My lady—are you there?' Still no answer. Then she went to the next door in the corridor, which was that of the Countess's bedroom. That also was locked, as was the third door she tried, which opened into the Earl's dressing-room. Slightly puzzled, Piper went down again at full speed. Meeting another servant, she said: 'Have the ladies done tea yet?' but before she could be answered the Countess came out of Mrs. Dawson's boudoir.

'I was just coming down to look for your ladyship,' said Piper glibly, but not without a guilty feeling at her heart.

'Coming to look for me, Piper?'

'To ask your ladyship for the key of the dressing-room. The door's locked, and I can't get in.'

'My dressing-room door locked! What do you mean?'

'I just ran downstairs to the housekeeper's room

feeling at her heart.

'Comig to look for me, Piper ?'

To ask your ladvahip for the key of the dreasing-room. The door's locked, and I can't get in.'

'My dressing-room door locked! What do you mean?'

'I just ran downstairs to the housekeeper's room to get a bif of camphor for my hollow tooth,' replied the ready-tongued Piper. 'I was half distracted with face-ache, my lady. I had to wait while Mrs. Drabble found the camphor, though I couldn't have been away more than five minutes, but when I got back upstairs I found the dressing-room door locked, and nobody answered when I knocked.'

'What became of my jewel-case while you were away from the room?'

'I left it unlocked on the dressing-table ready for your ladvabip.' answered Piper more timidly than she had yet spoken.

'Yon left my jewel-case on the dressing-table while you went downstairs, and did not even take the precaution to lock the door after you? said the Countess in a tone of high displeasure. 'What unpartonable carelessness?'

'Safe' echoed the Countess, turning cold at the bare idea of its being anything else. 'What do you mean, Piper?' You really deserve a month's warning for such imprudence.'

They had been slowly ascending the stairs as they talked, and had reached the dressing-room by this time. Without further parley her ladyship turned the handle, but only to find that the door was really locked. Then she knocked and said: Jimes. Are you there?' but there came no response. But the found that they also were still locked. 'This is Emertale's doing,' said the Countess to herself. The has found my jewel-case on the table, as Piper left it, and has locked the doors by way of teaching us to be more careful in future.' She was seriously annoyed. Notling was more vexng to her than to be found fault with by her husband, and she knew that in the present case he would not hold her blameless. He would say that she ought to have given Piper a special caution not to leave the room while the jewel-case was about.

'See whether you can find Lord Emerabling.

trunk.

'It's all a mystery. I was never more puzzled in my life, said the Earl to himself, as he put the chisel in his pocket and went back to his wite's dressing-room. 'Who on earth can have done it?'

And yet there seemed nothing about the affair that need have puzzled his lordship. What could be more admirably simple than the way the robbery had been planned and carried out? A ladder, a window, an empty room, a little hox that a man might stow away in his great-coat pocket. Of a surety there was nothing mysterious in all this.

Her ladyship was lying on the sofa, pale but conscious, when her husband entered the dressing-toom.

'Go downstairs and ask Mr. Dawson to be good

conscious, when her husband entered the dressingroom.

'Go downstairs and ask Mr. Dawson to be good
enough to step up and see me,' said the Earl to
Piper as he shut the window which the thieves had
left open; 'and see that, at present, you don't say
a word to anyone about the robbery.'

'Can yon forgive me, James f' asked the Countess
timidly from the sofa.

'I suppose I shall have to try to do so,' answered
the Earl a little grimly.

'I shall never forgive myself,' said the Countess
with tears in her voice. To this her husband made
no response. With the assistance of his double eyeglass he was examining the marks left by a large
and dirty boot on the chintz covering of a chair
near the window.

'Don't you think, dear, that there's any chance
of our recovering the—the stolen proporty?' asked
the Countess after a pause.

'Not the remotest, I should say,' was the sententious answer.

'Est what shall I do!' returned Lady Ennerdale

Not the remotest, I should say,' was the sententious answer.

'But what shall I do !' returned Lady Ennerdale in distress. 'My best jewels are gene—I have nothing left to wear.'

The Countess was discouraged and buried her face in the pillows. It he would but have talked to her! There would have been some consolation in that, however slight. She never felt so near disliking her husband as when he withdrew himself into himself—just as if he were a small,' as the Countess sometimes said—and would not talk to bet, would hardly even answer her questions. But it was not often that he treated her thus. Perhaps the very rarity of such treatment made her feel it all the more when she had to submit to it.

Mr. Dawson came tramping unstairs as though he

were tramping over one of his ewn turnip fields. A heavy man, with a red, good-humored face and long sandy whiskers—a modern bucolic Englishman. Three minutes sufficed to put him in possession of the facts of the case so far as they were known.

Send for the police without a minute's delay, was his first oracular utterance, and he rang the bell as he spoke. Capital fellow, Baylis, our head constable at Crampton. We'll have the county scoured from end to end before we're six hours older. Every tramp, vagabond, and suspicious character shall be popped into the lock-up, and made to prove where he was and what he was about this evening. He spoke in such loud, cheerful, confident tones that his words diffused a warm glow of hope through the Countess's chilled heart.

And do you really think, Mr. Dawson, that we shall recover the necklace? She asked in anxious tones.

shall recover the necklace? she asked in anxious tones.

'I'm sure I hope so, my dear lady. I don't see why we shouldn't. These clever regues generally overreach themselves in one way or another, and, as I said before, Baylis is an uncommonly sharp fellow.' Then to a servant who had answered his ring: 'Tell Tompkins to take the degcart, drive over to Crampton, and bring back Baylis, the head constable. He's not to lose a minute. I shall expect him back in an hour and a half from now.'

Turning to the Earl, Mr. Dawson added: 'If you'll allow me, my dear Ennerdale, I'll take this inquiry entirely into my own hands.'

'I wish you would,' said the Earl. 'It's altogether out of my line, as you know.' Then he handed to his host the chisel which he had picked up.

parts again, or you won't get off so easily next time.'

The Earl said nothing but tossed the man a sovereign. He caught it dexterously and put it in his pocket. 'Thank you heartly, my lord,' he said, carrying a finger to his forehead. 'If we had a few more like you there wouldn't be half so many thieves in the world.'

Then you admit that you are a thief? said Mr. Dawson drily.

'Whatever I am,' said the man, 'I wish I 'may never see the sun set again it it was me as took the lady's diamonds?'

'Gammon!' ejaculated Mr. Dawson contemptuously, as he flicked his horse with the whip, and in another minute the man was left far behind.

Mr. Dawson preserved a saiky silence the rest of the way home. He was annoyed at the 'Earl for what he called his 'sentimental tomfoolery.' Then he consoled himself by saying: 'But Ennerdale always was noted for his eccentricities, and this is only one more added to the number.'

The Ennerdale robbery was a nine dars' wonder, as such affairs always are, and formed material for a paragraph in every newspaper in the kingdom. The Earl was persuaded into offering a large reward, but nothing came of it; and as he had said from the first that nothing would come of it, he could hardly be disappointed. Such ladies of the Countess's acquaintance as had diamond necklaces of their own, sympathized deeply with her in her loss, but whether they were really sorry at heart was best known to themselves. Theif contests knowing what great store her husband had set by the family lewels, sometimes felt doubtful whether he had really lorgiven her. Although he hardly ever afflued to the subject, she often fanced that there was a shade of coldness in his manner toward her, such as she had never noticed before. Still, it might be nothing more than fance on her part, but she worried herself all the mere in seriet because she was not quite positive as to its existence.

Time went on, bringing with it another Christmas in due course. On Christmas Eve, Lord and Lady Ennerdale were dining by themselves at their

Should you not like another one?

'Yes—and no.'

Explain yourself.'

Show me the woman who would not like to have a diamond necklace. But if I had another I should be forever worrying myself about its safety. I should never feel happy except when it was locked up at your bankers.'

When I called in at Hunt & Roskell's this aftermoon they showed me such a lovely necklace.'

'Ah!'

Your mouth would have watered had you seen it. They only wanted six thousand guineas for it.'

it. They only wanted six thousand guineas for it.

'Only, James! Who would be mad enough to spend six thousand guineas on a necklace!'

'Plenty of people. Why, the one that you lost-or rather the one that was stolen from you—was worth considerably more than that.'

'And then it was a family jewel, which made it still more valuable,' said the Countess with a sigh.

Precisely so, and the Earl drily. He peeled himself a walnut betore he spoke again. His wife sat gazing sadly into the fire.

Now listen to me, said the Earl. 'You know that I have been saving up for some time past in order that I might buy a certain piece of land which is sure to come to the hammer when poor old Twentyman dies—and the doctors cave him up several weeks ago. But I have been thinking that as it must be very annoving to you to have no neck-lace to wear, and as Hunt's people have such a magnificent sample on sale, I could not do better than invest six thousand guineas of my savings in the purchase of it. After all, you know, I don't see why I need bother about that land. It was only a little fancy or mine that I should like to have it. Nothing more.'

For a minute the Countess sat without speaking. Then she said: 'You shall make no such sacrifice for me, James. I have made up my mind never to wear another diamond necklace as long as I live, so you need never ofter to buy one for me.

'Think twice before you decide.'

'I have thought.'

'Is that your ultimatum?'

'It is—most engphatically.' Then she rose and went round to where her husband was sitting, and putting her arms round his neck, she stooped nd kissed him. 'You are too good to me. I don't deserve so much kindness,' she nurmured; and the Earl felt a tear on his forchead.

He peeled another walnut and ate it in silence. Then he rose, 'Excuse my leaving you,' he said.' It shall be back in three minutes had expired he was back again. The Countess, sitting in a dejected attitude before the fire, did not look up as he entered. He crossed the room to her and bent over the back of her chair. 'You said just now that you would never wear a diamond necklace again. Will you refuse to wear this one?

'She looked up, startled. There was a moment's silence, and then she gave vent to an inarticulate try of surprise and delight. She could hardly credit the evidence of her eyes. There, before her, in the old, worn, well-remembered case, she saw the diamond n

AND OTHERS.

From The London Globe.

With the best advantages, with perfect seclusion and every facility for the concentration and marshalling of thought, authors are notoriously subject to strange freaks of humor, which render them intellectually prestrate and utterly unable to command their known and tried powers. The Muse of poetry is the fleklest of Jades, as everybody knows, but the Muse tif there be one) of prose is scarcely a whit more staunch or trustworthy. Perhaps Thackeray is the best modern example of the variaties of mood in writers. For weeks together he could not put pen to paper to do anything like justice to himself, and for this misfortune Mr. Anthony Trollope rather unfairly attacks him on the score of undustry. "Unsteadfast, i'lle, changeable of purpose" are epithets which the lesser throws at the greater novelist, merely because, as he says. Thackeray "could not bring himself to do an alloted task day after day." "Idie" seems a vulcar accusation to hurl at a man of Thackeray's genins and achievements. The writing of books like "Pondennis" and the "The Newcomes" can scarcely be locked upon as "day-work" in the sense in which a blacksmith's labor would be so considered.

If such an author was idle, so was Dickens, who

omes" can scarcely be looked upon as any would be so considered.

If such an author was idle, so was Dickens, who frequently had to give up his work in despair, in spite of the strongest determination to master a hostile mood. "I am utterly lost in misery," he writes, at a time when his strength was the most vigorous, "and can do nothing. I have been reading 'Onver,' 'Pickwick' and 'Nickleby' to get my thoughts together for the new effort, but all in vain." Over and over again he exclaims in his brief notes to Mr. Forster that "the fit is not on him," and he must go for a ride or a walk. From Italy he writes one authorn, just as he was about to start upon a Christmas book: "I have got my paper and inkstand and figures now and can think—I have begun to do so every morping—with a business-like air of the Christmas book." Again, later: "I am sadly strange, and cannot settle. You will have lots of hasty notes from me while I am at work; but you know your man." Dickens was always nervously exact in the arrangement of his writing-room, and in one of his letters from a strange place he relates how he had to "alter the disposition of the furniture" before he could write a line.

Even Milton is said to have admitted that his faculties were much stronger at some times than it others, and Dryden used to diet himself for a task in the strenger at some times than it

Lincoln s and to have admitted that his faculties were much stronger at some times than at
others, and Dryden used to diet himself for a task in
poetry, eating raw neat to inapire vivid dreams. It
is unfortunately true that he resorted to even less
exensable stimulants, though a long list of other
immortals were wont to overcome the shyness of

their genius by similar means. Byron wrote some of his looser poems under the influence of gin. Coleridge, De Quincey and Shadwell prodded the muss with opium; Sheridan, having a good deal of the Charles Surface in him, did good work with the and of brandy; Ben Jonson was assisted by "canary." See Jonson was assisted by "canary." and Æschylus is said to have been invariably intoxicated when he wrote. The great achievements which some authors have produced at a single sitting show that moods have played an important part in literature.

CHARLES EDWARD STUART, COUNT D'AL-

CHARLES EDWARD STUART, COUNT DAL-BAME,

Prom The London Globe.

The death, in the eighty-second year of his age, of Count D'Albanie (Charles Edward Stuart), occurred suddenly on board a steamer coming from Bordeaux on the night of Christmas Eve. His corpse was taken on shore soon after death and temporarily interred in a graveyard on the banks of the Gaonne, preparatory to being brought to Scotland to be placed by the side of his brother, John Sobieski Stoiberg Stuart, at the burial ground of Eskiale, on the estate of Lord Lovat. Under medical advice the Count D'Albanie late last year had gone for his health to Biarritz, where several friends had gathered, and had benefited by his solurn there very considerably. His father, James Stoart, Count D'Albanie, is believed by many persons to have been the legitimate son of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the "Young Pretender," as he was called, by the Princese Louise Clementina Sobieski, of Stoberg. It is asserted that he was born at Sienna in 1778, and as the Enghistrantorities had offered a reward of £40,000 for the "Pretender's" head, his infant son was secretly committed to the care of Admiral John Carter Allan, Admiral of the White, who died on the 2d of October, 1800.

The Morning Post says that the late Count, who suffered a considerable reverse of fortune on the death of his wike, bore his loss manfully, accepted his fate, and lived in comparative retirement in South Belgravia for nearly twenty years. The likeness both of himself and his brother to the Royal House of Stuart was very marked; moreover, their great and varied accomplishments, their personal bearing, their grace and charm of manner, their innate dignity, and the right royal manner in which was thought due to their position, and many of the Scotch nobility have consistently and properly befriended them. The late Count was a writer of no mean power, both in prose and verse, and a nobleman of exquisite taste. His reading had been extensive; he spoke fluently and perfectly seven or eight languages, he w

or fine chained price. The above the part of the chained price. The chained price of the coveral legal of the chained of the c

to know thoroughly a few good books than to read to know thoroughly a few good books than to read to know thoroughly a few good books than to read any.

Dongle was little more than five feet high, with a surface was a strongly marked features; at man the court-room. The powers and humblest found him friendly. He are that it was not unusual to see him with the rudest and powers man in the court-room. Those of you who practised law with himsol. He are that it was not unusual to see him with the rudest and powers man in the court-room. Those of you who practised law with himsol. He are the feel of the work in character of the feel of the surface of the kindle of the surface of t

others, that all means and improved.

His ablest speech in the House was made on the 7th of January, 1844, on a bill to refund to General Jackson the fine imposed upon him by Juge Hall, during the defence of New-Orleans. In this meterly argument, he took the then bold and novel ground that the fine was imposed in violation of law. It is a curious fact that, in his speech, Dougles claimed for General Jackson many of the war powers exercised by President Lincoln and his Generals, during the rebellion, and for which the President was so bitterly denounced by his political opponents. This speech gave him a national reputation. After the death of the hero of New-Orleans, a pamplist copy of the speech was found smoogh in papers, with an indorsement in Jackson's handwriting, and signed by him, in these words: "This speech constitutes my defence. I lay it saids as an unheritance for my grandchildren."

Mr. Lincoln remained in active practice at the bar until his nomination for the Presidency in 1860. His reputation as a lawyer and advocate was rising higher and higher. He had a large practice on the circuit all over the central part of this State, and he was employed in most of the important cases in the Federal and Supreme Courts. He went on special retainers all over Illinois, and occasionally to St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Indiana. His law arguments addressed to the judges were always clear, vigorous and logical; seeking to convince rather by the application of principle, than by the citation of authorities and cases. On the whole, I always thought him relatively stronger before a jury than with the court. He was a quick and indust intuitively, the jury, witnesses, parties, and judges, and how best to address, convince, and influence them. He had a power of conciliating and impressing everyone in his favor. A stranger coming into court, not knowing him, or anything about his case, listening to Lincoln a few moments, would find himself involuntarily on his side, and wishing him success. His manner was so candid, so di

AN ÆSTHETIC SOCIAL CELEBRITY.

FLEUR DES ALPES; OR, POSTLETHWAITE'S LAST IOVE,
From Punch,
The Esthetic Young Man rose languidly from his
seat, and leaving scainst a bookesse, with the Lity fu
his hand, and the Peacock's Fouther in his hair, he read
aloud—]